

Second Time Around
By
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MUSIC " WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED" BY
DAVE STEWART.

FADE IN.

INT.SITTING ROOM.DAY

A man in his late 20's is sitting on the sofa, behind a coffee table, with a few empty bottles of beer sitting on it. The music played over the opening is coming from his stereo.

CUT TO.

CLOSE UP.

Plan shot of the floor with CD's lying all over it, scan up to the stereo above the CD's, which is playing the music.

The man has a solemn look on his face. On the table beside the beer bottles are a mobile phone and a land line phone. Both within easy reach from his sitting position. The man speaks with a tearful and stressed toned voice.

MAN:

God, Lisa, please phone. Please
phone. God please make her phone!

He lifts his hands to cover his face. His eyes showing tears. His hands are fully covering his face and he is rocking back and forward in his seat.

He removes his hands from his face.

MAN:

Please phone. You can't leave me
like this, you can't. Jesus, God,
make her phone please, I'm begging
you! I promise I will never ask
for anything ever again. Please
just make her phone!

He lifts his hands and covers his face again.

CUT TO. (FLASHBACK SCENE).

EXT.PUBLIC GARDENS.DAY.

Soft lit scene if possible. To give element of otherworldliness or dream like state.

We see the man walking hand in hand, arm in arm, laughing, with Lisa. They are happy and are touching and talking intimately and lovingly. They are about 50 yards or so away, walking towards the camera. When they get to 5 feet or so away from camera.

CUT TO.

INT.SITTING ROOM.DAY.

It is slightly darker in the room now. The overhead light and a lamp are on. Its evening time. The man is still sitting in the same position on the sofa. There are more bottles of beer on the table than before. By his expression, the phones have obviously still not rung. The same song is repeating on the stereo.

The man speaks his voice slightly slurred after all his consumed alcohol. His speech turns from a begging passivity to a medium level of commanding aggression.

MAN:

Fuck! C'mon, phone Goddamn it! How the hell can you do this to me? Who the fuck do you think you are? Phone Goddamn it! All I'm, asking is that you phone!

He sighs, tears in his eyes. His expression on his face changes slightly, surprised by the sudden change to anger.

MAN:

God Lisa just phone, please just phone!

CUT TO. (FLASHBACK SCENE)

EXT.STREET.DAY.

It is a bright sunny day. Our man is walking down a reasonably quiet street, by himself. Suddenly he stops. Frozen to the spot, a look of amazement and shock on his face. He is staring over to the opposite side of the road. His mouth is agape, and he has a painful expression on his face.

MAN:

What the fuck?

CUT TO.

EXT.STREET.DAY

Across the other side of the street we see Lisa standing on the pavement speaking (Inaudible to us) to someone in a car, a car she has just got out of. She leans into the drivers' window of the car, and kisses the driver full on the mouth, very affectionately and very happily. She turns and starts to walk towards the door of the block of flats that the car has stopped outside of. As she is walking she turns around to look back at the car, and waves at the driver, she happily skips up the steps, puts her key in the door and disappears through the stairway door.

CUT TO.

EXT.STREET.DAY.

The man is still standing, mouth agape.

REVERSE SHOT.

P.O.V.

The stair door closes. The car pulls out of its parking place, and drives off down the street.

180 PAN.

The man shakes himself from his stupor. And he walks the 50 yards or so to the door of the block of flats. He reaches over and opens the door with a key, enters and the door closes behind him.

CUT TO.

INT.MANS APPARTEMENT.DAY.

In the hallway the door opens and the distraught and suspicious man walks in. A happy call comes from the sitting room from Lisa.

LISA (OFF):

Hi Honey! IS that you? What are you doing home so early?

He gets to the sitting room and Lisa walks to the door of the sitting room to greet him. She hugs him tightly and kisses him on the cheek.

Lisa moves back from the embrace after getting a cold response. She looks at his face quizzically.

CUT TO.

CLOSE UP.

The man has an expression of pain, discomfort and torture on his face.

LISA (OFF):

What's wrong Allan? What's the matter?

ALLAN:

Who the fuck was that?

CUT TO.

CLOSE UP.

Lisa pauses, she has a slight twinge of her act slipping from her face. But she quickly recovers her composure.

LISA:

What...? Who...? Who? When?

CUT TO.

CLOSE UP.

Allan's face is getting redder and redder. He speaks more forcefully and angrily.

ALLAN:

Never mind who? There outside in the car, just now, you kissed him?

CUT TO.

Lisa's face is showing signs of struggling for a verbal escape route.

LISA:

Oh! In the car? That was... That was just errm Paul... You know Paul... From work!

CUT TO.

Allan's face is scarlet with anger.

ALLAN:

Oh! Paul eh? So what the hell were you kissing him for then?

CUT TO.

LISA (Stubborn and adamant):

What? Eh? Oh, fuck this shit I'm tired of this. I'm fucking him ok? And have been for months. Satisfied now? I'm getting my things I'm going. Fuck wasting time on this piss awful bullshit that you expect to pass for a relationship.

CUT TO.

Allan his face red with tears streaming down his face. He slumps himself down on the sofa, stunned into silence,

ALLAN (To Himself):

What? What the hell?

CUT TO.

INT.ALLAN'S APPARTEMENT.NIGHT.

It is totally dark outside. Allan is sitting in the exact same position as at the end of the last scene.

PAN SHOT.

Over the top of the table looking down. The two phones, sitting where they were earlier neither of them showing any recent calls. The beer bottles are still on the table. The CD's are still on the floor. Though the music has stopped.

CUT TO.

CLOSE UP.

Head and shoulders shot of Allan. His face is tired and tearful. We see his right shoulder moving, hands doing something out of frame. His hands stop moving after a few seconds.

PULL BACK.

Full shot of Allan sitting on the sofa. He lifts his arm, picks up the mobile phone from the table and throws it at the wall (above the camera). It smashes off screen and drops to the floor.

ZOOM IN.

Slow move in for close up of Allan's torso and head. Allan lifts a gun into the frame, cocks it, switches off the safety, and puts the gun into his mouth. He is hot and sweating, and is shaking from fear and anticipation. He closes his eyes and pulls the trigger.

There is a clicking sound, but no shot the gun misfires.

CUT TO.

EXT.STREET.DAY.

A street that is not very busy. A bright sunny day. From about 50 yards we see Allan, focus on him as he walks towards us. He has a smile on his face and seems as if he has had a great weight lifted as he agilely

strolls along the street. He walks straight towards the camera, happy and smiling and disappears off to the right of the camera when he gets to us.

CUT TO.

INT.ALLAN'S APPARTEMENT.DAY.

CLOSE UP.

Shot of the phone still sitting on the table. The display shows no recent calls registered.

CUT TO.

BLACK SCREEN.

Roll Credits.

Play out music, "What becomes of the broken hearted", by Dave Stewart.